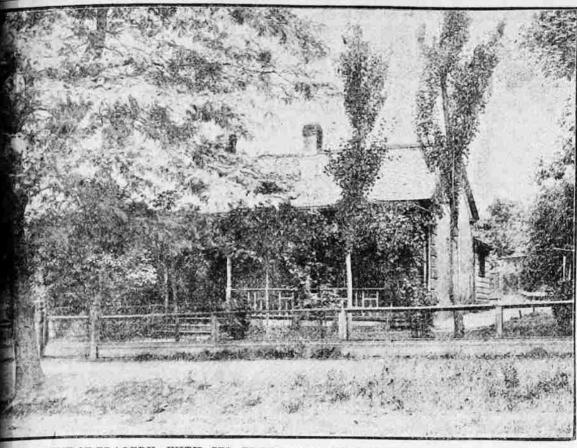
ike a Weird Tale of Poe Is That of a Salt Lake Cottage



HOME OF TRAGEDY, WITH ITS TREES AND VINE-EMBOWERED PORCH.

in Salt Lake City which ed to make the most skeps of Poe pale in their horror sight of the record of human which seems always to follow its or owners, of this partage. Hawthorne might have ome deep psychological reason this remarkable history. How-may reason it, the most skepdmit that there is something

tage partly hidden with vines, i flowers. The passer-by would ofe it with special interest, and ely be pointed out as any-

History records that these This may be considered a mere but one hesitates to say

1857 to the present time the lot use, as far as the records and f those acquainted with the have been plastered with and the owners or occupants ty, one of them followed deaths by accident, one deaths after perious illdeath by consumption, one death, one killed in a rail-int and a number of cases

Islandy Sold the house L. Elisson, the well-known 5460. Mayor D. H. Wells y issued a Mayor's deed to sad fate which befell Eliason his purchase. While living in use he lost his wife and son. was a clever sleight-of-hand made quite a reputation for as a prestidigitateur, traveling he name of Dante. He was this Third street house. While mung expedition in Australia, killed by the accidental disa gun in the hands of a

erty has been plastered with from time to time among held these incumbrances be-Kilham, who held a mortgage 15. Kilham, who held a mortgage for \$50; T. C. Griggs, who in id a mortgage for \$500; E. A. ter, who in 1515 held a mortgage of and William Mickle, who in 1614 mortgage for \$5000. In 1894 a Mickle assigned his mortgage life, Mary Mickle. The property an sold to Mary Mickle by O. L. and in 1894 and in 1899. and in 1879 Mary Mickle con-

to S. O. Sayder. Mary Mickle became the owner is Mary Mickle became the owner property, she made many imsense and now comes the chapter fortune to Mr. and Mrs. Mickle. In Mickle lost bis reason while in this house, squandered much money while his mind was in an icd condition, and met his death rallroad accident between Salt lity and omaha. As though fate, not content with this trazedy, a wife, while living in a house it First South street, and while owner of the house of fatality, the struck a match to assertiain son for emapling gas, the gas d and she was burned to death, fall the house passed from the sip of S. O. Snyder to that of d Stone, alias John M Stone, is remembered as however. a and she was burned to death. fall the house passed from the saip of S. O. Snyder to that of S. Stone, alias John M. Stout. Is remembered as having cut a figure buying roal estate in this at was frequently heard of in imideals. With him was one Mar-Stout or Stone, whom he recognition of Stone & Gates, prominent eathy timber and coal dealers, by W. Va., He left his house 1992, with Mattie Reeves, alias Miller who had lived in Stome a in Ripley, W. Va., tone of her knowing whither sile was some at the time was a martanal and had several children. The family was one of the leading was one of the leading and and had several children. The family was one of the leading is in that part of West Virginia he disappearance of Stone caused at sensation. Stone and the woman leintly purchased proparation of the season of t

Meanwhile, Stone had returned to West Virginia where none of his rel-atives except the aged father, would have anything to do with him. It was then ascertained that his relatives who were wealthy were on his note for the sum of \$50,000. He had left his wife and children pennlless, the constables had taken all the farm produce and had taken all the farm produce and stock on his home property for debts H. Clark of this city was appointed be owed to his creditors in Jackson administrator of her estate and he in-

part of West Virginia where he had been doing an extensive timber and coal business. The suicide of this deserted woman is not the least gruesome the happenings concerning this

stituted sult in the Third District court against John M. Stout, in which as administrator he claimed title to the fatal property and asked that the said Stout be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to the said real property adverse to

the plaintiff.
On October 5, 1903, in the District court for the Northern District of West Virginia John M. Stout alias John M. Stone, was adjudged a bankrupt and the Union Trust and Deposit company. a West Virginia corporation, was made trustee in bankruptcy. Suit was brought by the said trustee against Frank H. Clark, administrator of the estate of Martha Reeves, Elizabeth Ann Reeves, who is the mother of Martin Reeves and John M. Stone, alias John M. Stout, to quiet the title of the bank-rupt as against the defendant named In that suit it was recently stipulated between the attorneys for the respec-tive parties that the house of fatality should go to the trustee in bankrupto for the benefit of the creditors of Joh for the benefit of the creditors of John M. Stone, and that in lieu of that release \$300 should be deposited with the clerk of the Third District court to abide the final determination of the other issues in the case, there being considerable other property involved in the literation. the litigation.

At one time E. M. Onion, the well known auctioneer of this city, moved into this mysterious manse and while living there his wife became ill, and after a long siege of mental and physical suffering finally died there.

C. S. Williamson, who was at one time foreman of the Salt Lake Herald, moved into this haunted house, and while apparently well when he leased the premises, he was shortly thereafter attacked by consumption and after a lingering illness of several years he also passed to the Great Beyond. Its present lessee, Frank C. Gattung,

who is the manager of the Sait Lake Tent and Awning company, fell from a ladder in front of the Constitution block on Saturday, July 23, and though the fall was but fifteen feet he sustained injuries which caused an impairment of his reason and necessitated his being placed in a strait-jacket by the attendants at the hospital. It was to the attention of many the sad history of the house which Mr. Gattung had only recently rented. Is this all coin-cident? If so, it must be admitted as most peculiar: Perhaps there have been unknown things enacted even as unfortunate as those recorded, which the walls of that little cottage might tell. Who knows? What uneasy fate has set on foot these disasters? There is no answer from the and trees which shadow and

dure the mid-day heat by swinging hammocks in the cool, well-lighted cellar. Fruit, books and a friend were the pleasant accompaniments of this retreat. My housekeeping experiences were sometimes harrowing, but I found that a sense of humor kent well red.

that a rense of humor, kept well polished by use, was the most valuable kitchen utensil I had these hot days. Despite this heat, the climate the year round is a spot recommended for the cure of consumption, asthma and similar troubles. The cures effected here are many. The trouble comes from the fact that as soon as the climate be-gins to benefit the person must leave c care for business or family, and the

As a health resort the fame of St. Beorge is not in the far future Moonlight at St. George.

One must drop into the phraseology of sweet sixteen to describe the moonlight nights in St. George. One girl remarked that the heavens seemed nearer St. George than any other place. And it is certain that the moon seems to ride in the Devil's Saddle with evident enjoyment. One casily reads by moonlight, and the illumination, although whiter, seems almost as perfect as in

light, and the illumination, although whiter, seems almost as perfect as in the daytime. The moon has the appearance of sailing much nearer the earth than in the North.

Among the most sociable and hospitable are these people. If you have dull moments, it is your own fault. There are numerous pretty affairs given on the lawns, lighted by lanterns. Dixyites are all lovers of music and they have a generous share of natural musicians, both with voices and with instruments. Every night the air is filled with music, the stillness of the place making it easily heard at long distances.

The people themselves seem to enjoy each other more than I have noticed in Northern settlements. Perhaps their isolation is responsible for this—then, too, nearly all St. George is "related." The cynic might observe that one doesn't always love one's relatives. There is appearance of abundant good feeling in St. George.

A Born Philosopher.

There is one character which to leave unmentioned would be to offer an incomplete picture of the town. He is an unfortunate man, happy in not knowing his misfortune, which is a lack of the usual amount of mental ability. One remark of his has redeemed him for all time: "If a married woman gets drunk," said he, "and acts woman gets drunk," said he, "and acts wrong, it's her own fault, but if a mar-led man gets drunk, and acts wrong

t's both of their faults!"

Which shows an appreciation of the world's ethics beyond the ordinary.

To rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, a sandwich in each hand, seated with the stage-driver and a "Bug" professor from an Eastern university, an interesting companion—and farewell, Dixie! Farewell, kind hearts. Farewell, strawberries and fresh fiest.

berries and fresh figs! The spot of particular interest to me going back was the scene of the "Mountain Meadow Massacre." | The picture that imagination conjures of the little maids in white who came from their mother's arms to meet innocent's deaths, of the train, unarmed, massais too dreadful to contemplate

Yet the fascination of that valley kept my eyes upon it until the driver an-

"Here is the hollow where Lee slept his last sleep before he was shot." I cared no longer to look. The whole

"There are ghosts there at night," said the driver. I shook my head and smiled, but I thought if there were ghosts anywhere they could find appropriate surroundings in this desolate

The ride ended, and once more on th paved streets, one does not forget the little red town in the hollow by the Devil's Saddle. Sometimes there floats through the mind the refrain whos words easily match this inward reverie "I wish I was in Dixie,

Away, away; For Dixie-land I'll take my stand, I'll live and die for Dixie.

Away away; Away down South in Dixle Away, away:

Away down South in Dixle." ANNIE PIKE.

BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY.

The following thirty-five volumes will be added to the public library Monday morn-ing, August 1, 1994:

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS
Blake—The Grave.
Bradley—Making of English.
Collins—Studies in Shakespeare.
Dasent—Popular Tales from the Norse.
Drage—Russian Affairs.
Egan—Life of an Actor.
Elson—History of the United States.
Gregory—Gods and Fighting Men.
Hakluyt—Voyages, vols. 1 to 7, inclusive.
Harnack—What is Christianity?
Jack—Hack Blocks of China.
Osgood—American Colonies in the Sevneteenth Century, 2 vol.: Periods of European Literature.

ean Literature.

Ker-Dark Ages.
Smintsbury-Earlier Renaissance.
Smith—Transition Period.
Thwaites—Early Western Travel, vol. 5.
Watson—Janan: Aspects and Destinles.
Wells—Mankind in the Making. FICTION.

Bagot-Love's Proxy.
Bateson-Man in the Camlet Clock
Chesterton-Napoleon of Notting Hill.
Connoils-Seiners
Deeping-Love Among the Ruins.
Hutton-Araby.
Phillips-Cost.
Thomas Cynthia's Rebellion

Phillips—Cost.
Thomas—Cynthia's, Rebellion,
Webster—Duke of Cameron Avenue,
Anon—Womso Errant.

Maccabees, Attention!

All Sir Knights are requested to atend the funeral services of Sir Knight Frank Benedict to be held at Odd Fellows hall on Sunday afternoon at 3 Signed H. WAHLQUIST,

Soit Lake City tent No. 2.

KOLITZ EXCURSION

To Ogden, Sunday, July 31.

Special train leaves D. & R. G. depot a m. Returning leaves Ogden 10 m. Bicycles carried free on the train. Splendid outing for everybody. Refreshments served free on train. Trout and chicken dinners at the Hermitage. Fare \$1 for the round trip.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS AND RE-

Unless some museum field should carry away its surface, it will not disappear for some time. I am surprised that this has not already been sone. My days in Dixle were uncomfortable only through the extreme heat, which was sometimes 102 degrees in the shade. Usually we had ice for keeping cool water and foods, and managed to endure the mid-day heat by swinging. PAW PAW



TO THE PUBLIC: Knowing that I have found a positive cure for dyspepsia and most stomach troubles, I do not hesitate to urge every sufferer to

try this new vegetable pepsin. i know that it will cure Dyspensia.

I know that it will cure Nervousness.

I know that it will cure Sleeplessness.

I know that it will give strength to the weak.

I know it from the testimony of hundreds of people that it has

I know it so surely and believe in it so completely that I have put my reputation and my fortune behind it.

I want the public to know it as I do, and believe in is at I be-

I value your confidence and respect more than I value your

I earnestly ask every doctor, every chemist, every scientist to carefully investigate the merits of this medicine and then honestly tell the public the truth about it.

I want every dyspeptic to try Paw Paw. No matter what remedies you have taken or what doctors you have consulted; no matter how many years you have suffered, get a bottle and see how speedily you will be benefited and how quickly you will be cured.

I want every irritable person, every nervous person, every weak person, every person who cannot sleep, to get a bottle of Paw Paw. Take it according to directions and notice how quickly it will soothe and calm the nerves; how soon it will give vigor and strength to the whole system, and enable you to sleep restfully and soundly.

Don't take Whiskey! Don't take Beer! Don't take narcotics. which are worse than either of them. Remember Paw Paw exhilarates but does not intoxicate. It lifts you out of despondency into the high altitude of hopes and holds you there. Set aside all drugs, all medicines, all stimulants, and give Paw Paw a fair trial, and you will have cause to give your heartfelt thanks to Yours Very Truly, MUNYON

Large size bottles can be had at any drug store; \$1 per bottle. Paw Paw Laxative Pills, for those who need a gentle laxative or an active cathartic, 25c per bottle.



Bald Heads

SENT ON TRIAL Pay Only if Pleased.

Thousands in Use NOT ONE PAILURE.

Throw away all drugs and fake hair tonics, for they do more harm than good. They never did and never will restore a single hair upon any human head. Thousands live to-day to praise the wonderful achievements of the STANDARD VACUUM CAP.

We candidly believe that it is the only method known to man that will positively and permanently stop hair from falling out, promote its growth, and restore hair upon bald heads if life remains within the follicles, no matter how obstinate the case or what other remedies have failed because it is founded upon reason and common sense.

The above illustration shows the VACUUM CAP whom applied to the head and gives an idea how it is used. It is fitted air tichtupon the head and is connected by means of a small rubber tube with a double-acting exhaust pump, which, when put in operation, extracts the air from he catire area of the scalp, which forces the blood to circulate naturally and freely about the remains.

It has been known for centuries past that the blood to circulate naturally and freely about the fairy hair roots, and thus freels and fertilizer every hair upon the head with an abundance of rich, red blood, which is the only necessity in the production of a normal growth of hair. The blood is the life, the fertilizer of every him man hair. Stop the circulation and you stop the growth of hair but you are pleased. Is not this fair? You risk nothing, we risk all. We know what is will do and are willing to take all the risk.

Standard Appliance Co.

656 New Nelson Block, Kansas City, fine.

An Impression of "Dixie" --- Utah's Wonderland --- 1 7 HENEVER the band plays | the Mormon temple looming white | and souvenirs are harder to obtain than

"Away Down South in Dixie." my dreams will not be of the days of confederacy as of yore I shall see instead, a little red town. with its red sand-padded street streams flowing with red liquid, and the red sand bench with its high sweet looking over the town; I shall see-but i cannot tell it all in a moment, for to me there is no spot in the State more wenderful than the Dixieland of Utah. Perhaps it was my previous ignorance of conditions in southern Utah which filled my summer trip with such interest. Of cours I and heard of the volcanoes and earthquakes, but it is the minor details which surprise in a nev

And Dixie is different from any other part of Utah.

The train-ride down to Modena was not unusual except for slowness and bumps. For landscape was a dreary waste of desert. But I find where ever I go as it in divine recompense, the skies are always beautiful, thanks be unto the Lord.

A straggling house now and then on the sunbaked waste made one symp thetically heart sick with loneliness. rakish store, a station, a shanty, three or four solled youngsters in the doorvay-this denominated a town

I can put my finger on the map at Intervals along that road, and you will see the names. Oh, Chicago, Oh, Greater New York! what humiliation must follow knowing that your spots on the map are no larger than those made by the desert "towns"

Arrival at Modena.

We had been riding all night and We had been riding all night and one day, when we reached the terminus of the railroad, a half-dozen frame buildings known as Modena. Through a mistake it was necessary to remain here all night. In one of the hotels to my surprise I found a good piano, in tune, which served to beguie the time. At 6 o clock the next morning, in the chill of early June, with the stage-driver's little boy, I started for St. George. Beginning by wearing a Jacket that day, I experienced more varieties of temperatures than in any other period of the same lyngth—from nipping frost.

temperatures then in any other period of the same ingrit—from nipping frost to tropical heat in thirteen hours. The first few miles are rather pleasant but after that one longs to see St. George over the next hill, and then the next, and then the next, and then the next, and then the next, and then the gint to dawn on you just exactly what the Fible means when it says "without beginning and without end"—it is the road to Dixie.

People go to St. George for their

People go to St. George for their health. All I have to say is that if any one can survive that trip to Dixie. -few miles through sand and tropical heat, he should receive a life cor-tificate of invulnerable health

The ride through this country is a rial to the limit of physical endurance but the last twelve miles repay all un-pleasantness which goes before. This is the land of Dante's Inferno and of

Milton's Paradise Lost. Black Volcanic Mounds.

digantle, intensely black volcanic mounds raise their yawning craters, augusting the terrible drama enacted by nature not very long ago.

In this region there have ben vast upheavels, the stratification being at right angles, crossed, undulating, twisted. Not far from the black craters stretches a head of sand in gleaning. stretches a bed of sand in gleaming whiteness, just beyond, rising from a canyon, formed by the black lava flow, rise cliffs and peaks of a beautiful pink and white, without vegetation or ap-parent stratification, looking as though they might have cooled instantly while ing poured upon the earth by some

Beyond is a valley where grows in native beauty the graceful tamarack tree, but one forgets this in an emotion ikin to depression at sight of this couns lakes of fire petrified in their flow, Finally after the gun has set, we see the cottages and trees in the hollow shadowed by the red sand bench and shout five Foury ago. That other lived at Racie, Richmond aw, Va., that her home was soid to and her husband got all the the long, black, flat hill, with its chip gone from the central part known as the Devil's saddle. and went away leaving her des-

Almost the first object of notice is

against the distant purple mountains. The thought comes, here, if anywhere, in this Land of Lull, must flow the Waters of Lethe, whereof a man may drink and forget!

St. George. My previous experience had made my picture St. George as a straight street, with straggling, leafless trees and sunbaked houses. I found instead, comfortable houses, lawns and some of the most beautiful trees I ever met, and I remember among my dearest ac-quaintances, old Eastern oaks and

Northern pines. Some of these elms, oaks and tama-racks of St. George have an exceptional beauty in size and shape. They are the fortunate, for they live through cen-turies of sunshine without fear of the

For the first time I ate ripe figs from the trees, examined the second crop which was already coming on the same branches with the ripe fruit, and recalled the fact that the blossom of the fig is within the fruit and not without,

as in all others familiar to me a curiosity and a rare one at that. It is not so surprising, therefore, to learn that strawberries are ripe from spring until Christmas. Would this not be the land of Heart's-desire, for the descriptive writer, on the chand, the artist must introduce human element to produce anything a geographical lithograph.

For Artist and Writer, cake? Christmas day on my father's table were strawberries and roses fresh

from the garden! The sweet corn, asparagus, radishes, etc. are all ready for the table long be-fore they are in the Salt Lake market Watermelons and cantaloupes come earlier and some things which appear only periodically in the grocery stores of Salt Lake City and at fabulous of Salt Lake City and at fabulous prices in the restaurants, in Dixle are found almost the year around, and he who has a small price or a small garden may eat

Opportunities for Enterprise.

This condition suggests opportunities for some enterprising man, the out-come of which would be as good as a gold mine, and more sure. With agents in the South and North, and properly equipped conveyances, the Sait Lake market might receive these products all through the winter. The only marvel is that it has never been attempted.

Beyond cultivating what they actually need, little has been done. With scientific farming and experimenting. what might not be accomplished? Cot-tion will grow here, and no one who has tasted them will dispute the superiority of the Dixig grapes. There is a fortune alone in the delicious seedless rasins which seldom travel farther north than Modena. The scarcity of water is drawback, but irrigation is used success here as in other parts of the

In a little adobe house one evening I was introduced to thousands of silk worms. This silk industry is one of the features of St. George, the products having attracted considerable attention at the St. Louis exposition in the Utah exhibit, where they were viewed with especial interest by the Japanese visit-ors, who asked many questions con-cerning its production and pronounced

rerning its production and pronounced it wonderful.

Nearly everyone is familiar with the appearance of these white worms, and the peculiar painted face on their heads features which mean nothing, and eyes which see not. In the room where several hundred of these were feeding on the mulberry leaves, the sound was like the storing of constant rain on popular the singing of constant rain on popular leaves, or the escape of steam. There were long table-shelves for the large, the small, the dark, and the yellow worms, and other tables for dermant amber-colored worms, which are ready o weave the cocoons. In one corne

formerly
A pleasant morning's ride from St. George is the Swiss village Santa Clara. Here have come the thrifty citizens from the old world, bringing their cus-

toms and keeping them. The speech of the children reminds one of the Penn-sylvania-Dutch stories of the Mennontes, a favorite request during school hours being: "Teacher, will you give me the dast to go out?"

The town and its people are exceptional literary material. Authors of hackneyed subjects please take notice. All around Santa Clara nature seemed thoughful—the stacked wheatfields, the white trumpet-flowers, the cattle grazing. These same innocuous-looking, beautiful flowers have yeins which run with deadly poison. Cattle never touch them, but man, grown away from his earth-instincts, is not as fortunate. Several little children died through having tasted this plant. The road from Santa Clara follows the terminus of the black lava flow, and it was with this for a background—the lava piles-that my companion used his

The land of Dixle with its lava flows, volcanoes and red cliffs is a rich field for the descriptive writer, on the other human element to produce anything but a geographical lithograph.

The artist's materials should be picturesque or beautiful—even terrible. This country is none of these—it is wonderful. The writer needs only the thought of God in the use of this material—the artist needs the old pioneer with his at the country of the second of the s with his white-topped wagon, his wife in sun-bonnet, and their babe. This landscape is background for the

artist, but it is big with life of its own orther but it is big with life of its own for the writer.

The Apex mine was the object of another visit. It was so far from St. George that midway on the trip the young men were obliged to take the

young men were obliged to large high horses down a canyon to a spring high in the rocks, from which, bucket by bucket, the thirsty animals were

watered.

I remember this distinctly, from the fact that after a refreshing drink deep in this cave-spring I brought some water to the surface for Dixie lass, whereupon it was discovered that I had not only been drinking, but had actually swallowed a nice little tribe of fish several degrees smaller than the trout. My experience was limited to "going down" mines and not "walking into" them as I did in the Apex. The manager kindly guided us through the mine.

mine.

The really wonderful thing to me was the cave. This we reached by climbing up through an aperture just large snough to admit the body. In fact, some of the fleshier members of the party were pulled through by main force after we had given up the idea of melting them and running them through.

The cave seemed to me as large in-The cave seemed to me as targe in-ride as an ordinary house. Glittering white walls, hanging with crystal pen-dants, made it a scene out of fairy land. We broke several small specimens from the walls, these resembled sugared gum-drops with brown cen-ters—not a pretty figure, but one immediately suggested by their appear-

Other piecer were lined with the beautiful green velvet-copper soft to the touch, and as delicate as a moth's wing. There were the various kinds of copper rock whose formation and colors were as much admired by me as any cut jewel I ever saw.

The Apex With Its Tents.

Approaching or leaving, in the dis-tance one sees the Apex with its tents clinging to the top of the mountains like the homes of cliff-dwellers, or like to weave the cocoons. In one corner was a stack of dried grasses, or something similar, to which they attached the cocoon.

Indians at St. George.

St. George without the Indians would not be St. George. It would lose in pleturesqueness. They are known by name to the citizens for whom they chop wood, scrub floors and do other manual labor for pay. Indian trinkets

like the homes of cliff-dwellers, or like the white toad-stool I often saw in Michigan clinging to the trunks of the Osk trees after a summer shower.

A remarkable rock is near this road. We drove near enough to examine it carefully Much larger than the carefully Much larger than the carefully fluch la